

THE SECOND OREGON AT OUTBREAK OF FILIPINO INSURRECTION

THOUGH the hostilities in the Philippines broke forth in a moment, it was by no means an unexpected occurrence. For months conditions had been shaping themselves for the final outbreak, and the people in and about Manila could feel its approach, as the natives, day by day, grew more and more sullen and offensive in their attitude toward the Americans. There seemed to be a growing apprehensiveness of the very atmosphere, something like that experienced before the coming of a severe storm.

It was evident from their actions that the natives looked upon the Americans



as being afraid of them. They had been accustomed to cruel usage at the hands of the Spaniards, and the courteous treatment they received from the officials of the United States seemed to be interpreted by them as indicative of cowardice. Therefore they took no pains to conceal their contempt for us and our authority.

Our soldiers were at last given orders to hold themselves in readiness for action at any moment, and were required to remain within their regimental quarters nearly all the time. One day the shooting of a mad dog on the Escalita was the cause of a false alarm, and the dispatch with which the great military machine began to work was something wonderful. In less than seven minutes the Second Oregon was in regular formation and was marching out of its "court" prepared for "business." The mistake was soon discovered, and we were returned to our quarters, but thereafter we were kept more closely confined to barracks than before.

The Climax.

But matters reached a climax when, on the evening of February 4, a party of natives tried to force their way through the American lines, and were fired upon by the Nebraska guard. The incident was followed almost immediately by an attack upon the Americans at all points along their lines about the city.

The evening had been a quiet one. In the Court of Espania the men of the Second Oregon had been passing their time in writing letters, playing cards and in sitting about, in little groups, on the outside of the buildings, enjoying the

fresh, cool breeze blowing in from the ocean.

It was nearly 10 o'clock and about time for the bugle to sound "taps" when some men came running into the room occupied by our company, and excitedly announced that there was the sound of firing on the outer lines. Upon hurrying to the door, we could hear the distant roar of thousands of rifles. The noise extended in a semicircle about the eastern side of the city, touching the shores of the bay on two sides, and we realized that the long-expected outbreak had at last materialized.

No Time Lost.

Every soldier knew what was expected of him, and even before the wild, quick notes of the bugle, sounding the call to arms, went echoing through the night air, the men were busy getting on their equipment. Hurriedly they took their places in the ranks; fours were counted, and, after the regiment was properly formed, we were marched into the streets of the city. One battalion went to guard the city gates, another the city walls, and the third took its place in front of our court on the Calle Victoria.

That was as far as we went that evening, for our duty was to remain in readiness to prevent any outbreak among the natives within the city walls. Three times during the night we were allowed to return to our quarters, but remained only a few minutes each time before the bugle called us out again, in response to some new alarm.

It was a hard matter for our soldiers to sit quietly and listen to the fighting in

the distance, without being allowed to take part in it. The natives and the Spaniards, too, were restless with suppressed excitement, and through the open doors of the dwellings could be seen the frightened faces of women and children, while up and down the streets men walked in nervous anxiety.

When the first excitement of the occasion had worn off, the soldiers amused themselves by putting bricks in old hats and placing these in the middle of the street, where the unsuspecting Spaniards, who were soft-soled sandals, would kick them, as they passed by. The victims would take the joke in good part, and would immediately go in quest of other men to be drawn into the game.

When morning came, the companies took turns in going to breakfast. The fighting around the city was still raging, and by this time the warships on the bay were taking a part in it and were throwing shells inland into the native trenches.

After disposing of the morning meal, we took advantage of the few minutes' liberty given us by climbing to the tops of

the barracks and watching the bombardment by the vessels of our fleet. It was certainly very interesting to witness the discharge of the main batteries of those powerful fighting machines. A flash of fire would belch forth from a great gun and the earth would shake with the heavy explosion. Then, a mile or two inland, would occur another explosion, and a great cloud of smoke and dirt would be thrown far up into the air, by the breaking of the heavy steel shells.

Company B of our regiment was sent in the morning to guard a bridge over the Pasig River, near the outer part of town, and in the afternoon it was relieved for a time by Company I. When we arrived there we saw for the first time something of the effects of the fight. Every few minutes, hospital men passed, bearing wounded Americans or natives, and, now and then, a guard would come along, with a few prisoners.

Not long after we had taken possession of the bridge, a tall soldier of the Tennessee regiment strolled by. He was evidently on his way to the city on some

errand, but he stopped long enough to exchange a word of greeting with us.

"Say, you fellows, have you been out on the line there?" he said, pointing his thumb back over his shoulder in the direction he had come.

We informed him that we had not as yet been there. Then he continued: "They sent for us to go out and help them scrap them niggers. We went, and if you'd go out there now you'd see the gold darnedest graveyard I ever set eyes on."

We did not get to see the "graveyard" spoken of by the Tennesseean, for, in a few hours, we were returned to the city, where we remained guarding it for several weeks.

On March 10 our regiment was ordered to prepare to go to the front, and March 12 we joined Wheaton's "flying column," which had been formed for the purpose of invading the enemy's territory and driving them up the Pasig River to the Laguna de Bay, or Bay Lake.

Wheaton's brigade consisted of the Twentieth and Twenty-second Regiments of regular infantry, the First Washington Volunteers, eight companies of the Second Oregon, a squadron of cavalry and a detachment of artillery. These were assembled close to the enemy's lines, on the south of the city, near San Pedro de Macati, on Sunday evening, March 12. It had been raining some during the day, and in the evening there was a dense fog. The tall, thick grass that covered our camping ground was wet, and amid these uncomfortable surroundings we retired for the night.

In the morning an early attack was

made on the native lines, and in a very short time we had the enemy in full retreat. At various points they rallied for a stand, but when the artillery would begin to play on them and our boys would charge on them with wild yells, they would hurriedly drop back to another place of partial protection.

By evening we had the Filipinos driven into a narrow way that was bordered on one side by the Pasig River and on the other by a steep mountain. In this narrow pass we had a decided advantage over them, for when they would block our way, the little gunboat Laguna de Bay would proceed up the river and open a crossfire on them with a Gatling gun.

We spent the night in the pass, and the next morning we were early prepared for an advance. As we were standing lined up in the road, in column of fours, some native sharpshooters opened fire on us from the opposite bank of the river. This was a surprise to us. Companies I and F of the Second Oregon were ferried across the river to drive out the sharpshooters. When we arrived, however, they had bolted.

We then proceeded a short distance up the river, and the enemy began shooting from across the stream at us, near the town of Pasig. The engagement was warm while it lasted, but the natives finally retreated and we, being unable to cross at that point and pursue them, returned down the river and recrossed to our camp.

The next day, March 15, the same two companies again crossed the river and, advancing a mile beyond their position of the day before, opened fire on the

trenches surrounding the town of Pasig. While we were keeping the people of the town interested from across the stream, the remainder of the brigade attacked it from another direction. In a few hours the natives fled and the town went up in flames. During the following two days we were held in camp, on the bank of the river. The cause of the delay I never learned, but it was likely for the purpose of awaiting orders from headquarters.

On the evening of the 15th, after we had retired for the night, there was a sudden call to arms, and word was passed around that each man should fall in, with his half of shelter tent, his poncho, haversack, canteen, 24 hours' rations and 100 rounds of ammunition. As soon as the command was in proper formation we were marched off in the darkness, following a road leading up the river.

After marching for an indefinite time we were halted in an open spot, where a small command of our soldiers was in camp, and there we were ordered to lie down beside our arms and not to remove any part of our clothing or equipment.

While it was yet dark in the morning we partook of a light breakfast, and when daylight began to appear in the east we were prepared to resume the advance. It was now learned that we had been called out to pursue a party of natives that had cut up a company of infantry which had been scouting the previous evening near the shores of the lake. The whole brigade was formed in a skirmish line that touched the bay on the left and extended westward for a long distance. The work of the day was hard in the extreme. For nearly 15 miles we marched and fought over rice fields and hills, under the burning glare of a tropic sun, returning in the evening almost worn out.

On our return we passed the smoking ruins of native villages that had been built here and there among the bamboo thickets bordering the lake. At one place a very pathetic sight greeted our eyes. In an open spot among the trees, where heaps of ashes marked the site of a town that had been destroyed, there stood a lone house. Many wondered why that hut was left unharmed, but as we passed the open door the mystery was explained.

A Pathetic Spectacle.

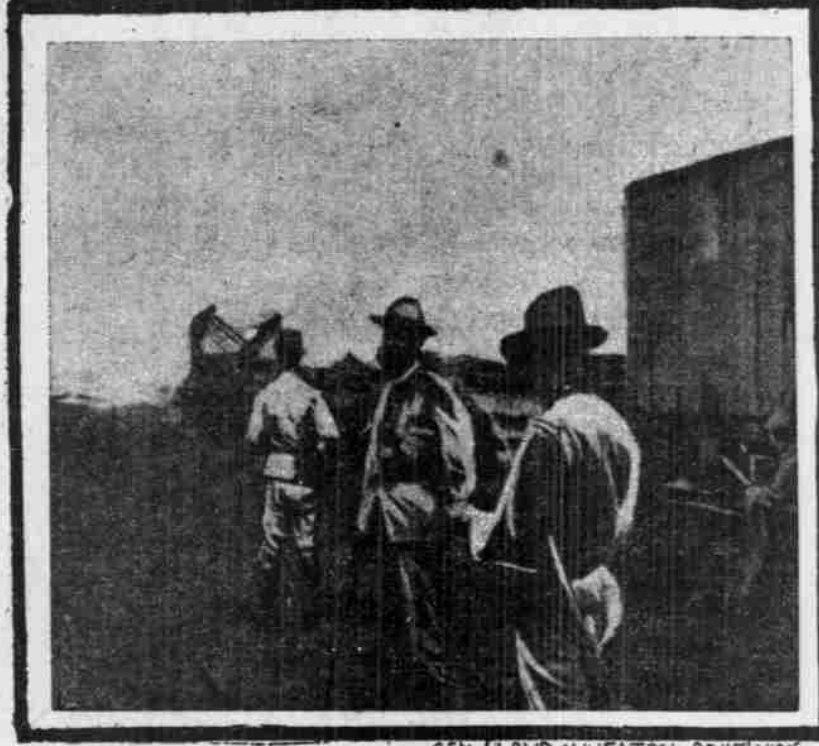
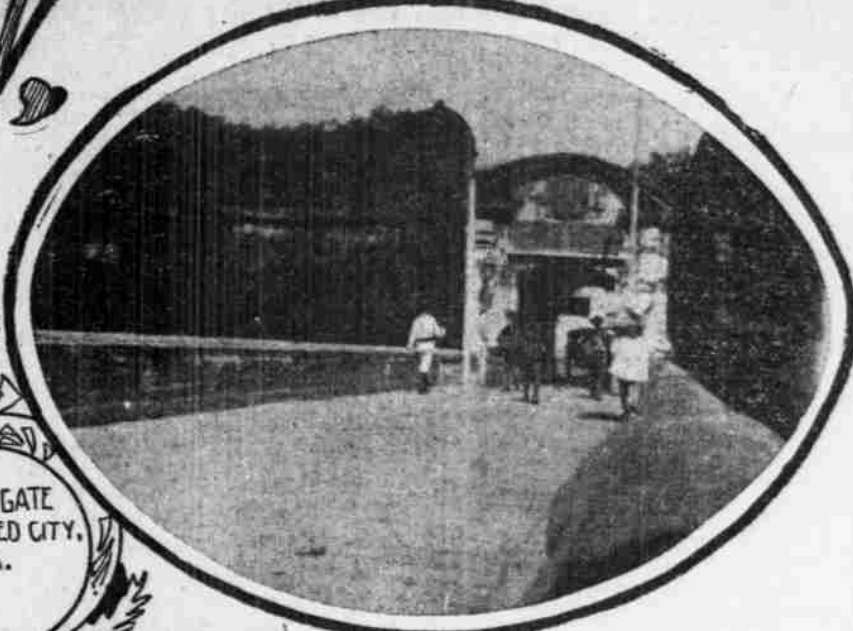
Inside, on a bamboo bench, sat side by side two aged Filipino women, who had been deserted by their kindred upon the approach of the American troops. Their bent, trembling forms and aspect of wretched loneliness formed a touching spectacle.

That night, as I retired to rest, I was haunted by the sight of those forsaken, helpless native women, and I reflected on how near Sherman had touched the truth when he declared that "war is hell."

The following morning we departed for Manila, where we went into camp on the Luneta hill we were ordered to take part in the advance on Malabon. Thus ended our first invasion of the enemy's territory.

LIONEL A. JOHNSON.

Late of Company I, Second Oregon Volunteers.



GEN. LLOYD WHEATON, OF "FLYING COLUMN" FAME, AND AID.



ON THE ROAD FROM MANILA TO PASIG CITY.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, June 17.—The distance from Manila to Pasig City is 32 miles, and the road winds past the scenes of some of the sharpest conflicts between the Americans and insurrectionists in the island of Luzon. It is not considered perfectly safe for small parties even now, infested as it is by bands of ladrones or thieves who come out of the mountains to steal and plunder. It was, therefore, not without a slight feeling of anxiety, which, however, but heightened our interest, that our party of seven started one sultry morning to make the trip.

Manila is laid out with the same generosity of space as our home city—Portland—and containing as it does nearly 200,000 inhabitants, it covers a good deal of country, half an hour's fast riding still finding one in the suburbs. The occupancy of the city by the Americans and the consequent rise in rents, have driven many of the poorer natives to the outskirts, where there is a deep fringe of nipa huts, clear out beyond the spot, where the insurrection began.

As we rattled over the bridge where the first shot was fired, it was a peaceful prospect which met our eyes. The sluggish stream was full of children, who splashed and ducked each other, to an accompaniment of screams and laughter, while along the bank the mothers were busy with the week's washing. The simplicity with which this task is accomplished would doubtless be astonishing to the good housewives at home.

The native woman, with her glossy, black hair coiled high, and her little, brown shoulders unhampered in even the slightest degree, stands waist deep in the water. There, taking the article to be washed, she swings it above her head, and with a movement not ungraceful, brings it into the water with a slap which must certainly be discomfiting to the dirt. If your best bib and tucker comes home from the wash in carpet rags, you will cease to wonder, after seeing the way in which the washing is done.

Outside the city, at last, we jog through lanes, which, so far as any difference they present to the eye, might be in our own, faraway land, the bamboo trees which hedge the road being very like the willows beneath whose branches we have played, and by whose boughs we have

been slayed. The resemblance is quickly obliterated, however, as, around a bend in the road, comes a native cart, drawn by a water buffalo—the native beast of burden. These animals are very strong, and, when well watered and cared for, are kind and domestic, but if not taken to a stream where they can wallow once in 24 hours, they go crazy and make things interesting for everybody concerned, until someone succeeds in sending death to their relief. It is hardly likely that the water buffalo will ever become very popular in the United States, where it is sometimes necessarily a long time between liquid refreshments.

The slow, rhythmic motion of these oxen, as they saunter by with their loads, positively excels anything I ever knew as a somnifer. I get sleepy every time one passes my window, and yawn when I meet one in the street. At the first glance, as one approaches, you are sure to think it is standing still. Then, slowly and deliberately, it raises two feet, and, after advancing them a little, slowly and deliberately, they are set down.

Now there is a pause, to rest and carefully consider the next step. Then two more feet are raised and, with a gentle swing, the ox advances one step more. Thus slowly, slowly, he sways along. The rickety old cart, trailing behind, sways, and the native boy, sitting on the high, narrow, board seat, and who is usually fast asleep, sways, until you realize that all that prevents numerous catastrophes is the wise provision of thick skulls and soft roads.

As we get farther from town we see many marks which years of conflict have left upon the land. The bridges over which we pass are built so as to be easily defended, and the road constantly dips into gorges where it would be impossible for two teams to pass. That the conflict has been recent is attested by long rows of insurgent breastworks, still standing; while some of the tallest tree tops yet hold a seat and shelter where, only a few weeks ago, the boys in blue watched for signs of the foe.

We stopped for a few moments at the reservoir, where a number of the Fifth Cavalry are stationed, and where soldiers will be on guard for some time to come. Manila has one of the best water systems in the world, and the Colonel took us down a dark, winding stairway until we stood on the shore of the great, hidden

lake which contains water enough to last Manila three months, in case of the capture or disabling of the pumping station.

On we jog, in our "carromatas," under the blazing tropical sun. Doubtless you have all heard of the "carromata," but I think a great deal can be said of it, and that then it would be inadequately described.

The Carromata.

It is a two-wheeled vehicle, built expressly for the torture of the human race. A description of the agonies it inflicts might surely be successfully used as an argument by the anti-expansionist. In the land of the free, I have often noticed Chinese washmen taking the clothes

home in a cart which, I think, must be a distant relative of the carromata, an unencumbered use of his limbs and faculties. If it is your best friend you have thus placed, prepare to weep; if your enemy, you may be cruel enough to smile, as you speculate a little on the result, should the rotten old strap which holds the pony and the carromata together, break.

Our next stop was, at the pumping station, where a battery of artillery is stationed, and which has furnished the latest sensation in military circles. Some two weeks ago the officers in command, after liberally dining and winning, ordered the battery out on a "hike."

Over hill and dale they dragged their men and guns until, imagining the enemy very near, they planted the guns and

fired several rounds, and wounded one of their own men. The effects of the "bore" beginning to wear off, a retreat was ordered, and now charges of being drunk on duty are pending against all the officers.

The pumping station is on "the firing line," and bears the marks of some lively skirmishes, the insurgents having made repeated efforts to capture it during the fighting on the island, and thus commanding the water supply to hold Manila at their mercy.

Our road descends now into a valley, through which runs the Marquina River. The water is so low that we ford the stream without difficulty, and the usual picture of washing and bathing presents itself. Just ahead, and close to the road, a young man has just emerged from the water and is attempting a hasty toilet.

To the discomforts of dust and heat, is now added a ride over rice paddies, which means that, at about every 30 feet, a ridge of a foot or more in height has been thrown up to hold the water when the rice field is flooded. Now, in our two-wheeled cart, we bounce over these ridges, our driver refusing to "sabe" to drive slowly. After a vain attempt to explain our meaning, and a still vainer attempt to express our opinion of him, and his cart, and his country, we resign ourselves to the inevitable, and proceed to grin and hold on.

The native village, which now creeps into view, is a very welcome sight, as it promises a cessation of part of our miseries. I am told that when the natives want to build a town, they first build a church, and then everybody gets his house as near the church as possible; this naturally results in some irregularity of the streets.

The village we approached was entirely native, and composed of nipa huts, with a little stone church, to which our "cochero" respectfully doffed his hat. Everything was so quiet and the place seemed so deserted, we concluded that all the inhabitants were attending church, but, rounding a curve in the road, we were right in the midst of the whole population, almost before we knew it, fully 300 natives facing us in the narrow street. I frankly confess that I did not like it. I suddenly had a vivid recollection of the thrilling war stories, told by the way, and of the tales of treachery and cruelty so many times read in the news-

papers. Nor did the villagers win my trust to any great extent by removing their hats, as we drove up among them. My companion, however, laughed at my fears, and, telling our boy to stop the horse, inquired what was going on.

An old man, with a face that would send him to prison for life in the States, advanced to the cart and replied that they were going to have a very fine cock-fight. He added an invitation to the "señoras" to remain and see the sport.

My fear changed at once to curiosity, so, backing out of the carromata as gracefully as possible, for the edification of an audience that had probably never before seen an "Americano seño," I and the other women, who had also alighted, were promptly escorted to the "bald-head row," which was politely cleared for our accommodation.

I had always thought of the Filipinos as being a poor, down-trodden people, almost homeless, usually mealless, and with hardly a shirt to their backs. Judge, then, of my surprise to see, spread on the ground before our present hosts, great piles of silver and paper money of large denominations. The sport was delayed a little, because everybody wanted to bet on the red rooster, the natives having a superstitious belief in the luck of the color red. Excitement ran high; brawny brown arms were waved, and all hands talked at once, with a good deal the same pith and eloquence that marks dealings in the Chicago wheat pit.

White Rooster Wins.

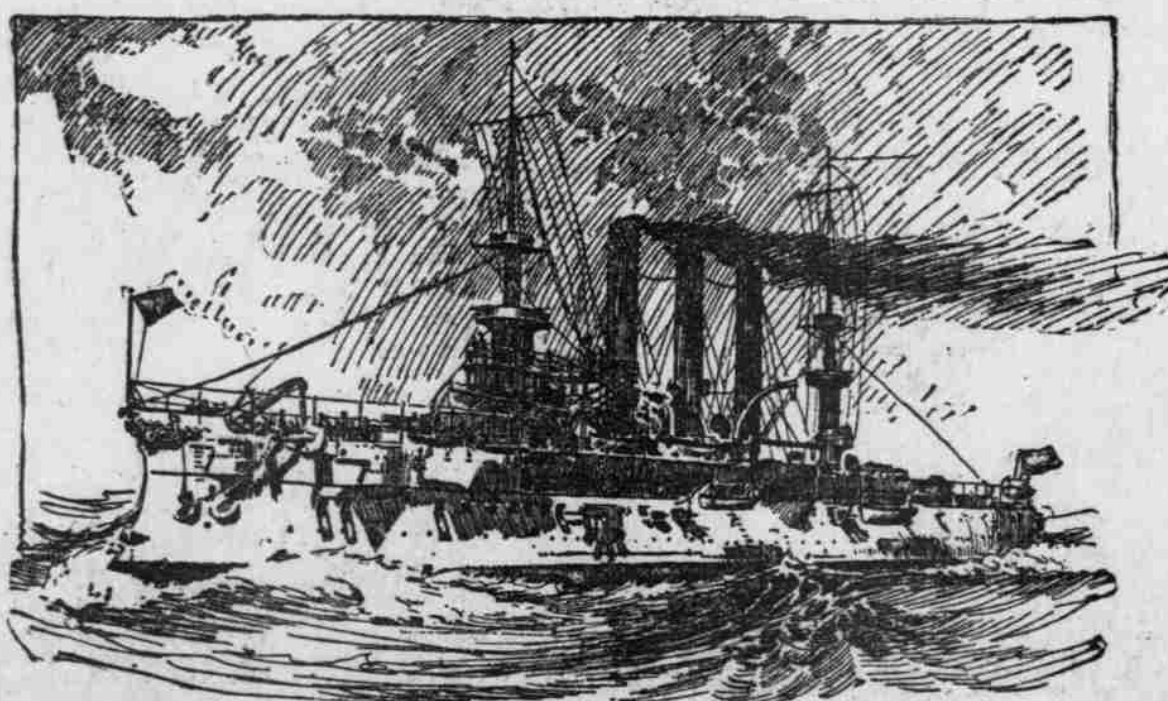
Finally matters were settled amicably, and the despised white rooster secured bets enough to encourage him to enter the fight. And he won, after a desperate battle, in which he killed his opponent.

The dusky faces surrounding us were filled with surprise, chagrin or elation; those who had played the "long shot" gathered in their coin, while the "sure thing" people tried to get up another fight to get their money back. We, after much expostulation, gathered in our drivers and proceeded on our way Pasigward.

The remainder of the now brief journey was uneventful. Resting awhile at the historic scene of one of the earliest conflicts in the insurrection on Luzon, we returned, without misadventure, in the cool of the evening, to Manila.

JENNIE BRYAN SHELLABARGER.

WAS ADMIRAL (THEN COMMODORE) SCHLEY'S FLAGSHIP AT SANTIAGO.



ARMORED CRUISER BROOKLYN, U. S. N., WHICH HELPED TO SMASH CERVERA'S FLEET.